

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, December 8, 1885, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Scott Circle, 1500 Rhode Island Avenue, December 8th., 1885. Alec my dear:

Your telegram this morning was at once a relief and a disappointment. I am so glad you are better and should be more so if I knew just what your "quite well" meant, but I am disappointed that you cannot fulfil your promise to return when I was ready for you. I felt so sure you would come that I have not written lately.

Poor Dr. Radcliffe is dreadfully unhappy over the Gordon pamphlet affair and your father is also bewailing the fate of his lost manuscript. I hope you will somehow get the telegram in time to relieve all of their minds.

Poor Papa is in bed, and has been for two or three days. The doctor says he is getting better but it is slow work and he thought would be quicker if he remained in bed. He has, and has had no fear but he feels blue being shut up so long. The rest of us are quite well.

About yourself, I am very glad you bought the glass vial and I think it will be worth many medicines to you if you consult it faithfully. I do not believe you can find matters worse than they have been before you merely forget what they were and I have found a very bad state when you thought yourself well. But I do think your life and health are trembling in the balance and will depend very much on your conduct this year and next. I am thinking now how delightful it would be if you could return and devote yourself for two weeks to the school giving the teachers a start that will last them for a long while and then for us to go off somewhere, say to Colorado where it is dry and cold and where you can exercise 2 vigorously. Or you might go to Maine but I could hardly go there, for there would be no warm hotels and I do hate the cold weather so. We are having a try at it here and

Library of Congress

succeeding very fairly although there is as yet no snow. I have been nearly frozen at night, only getting warm last night when I slept under your mother's birthday gift. It was just lovely, only just not as satisfactory as your own dear presence.

Mrs. Home has just come so adieu, be very careful and remember how precious your wife's husband's life should be to you and is to her,

Your, May.